THE LETTING OF HVMOVRS BLOOD IN THE HEAD-VAINE.

VVith a new Morisco, daunced by seauen *Satyres*, vpon the bottome of *Diogines* Tubbe.

Geo. Steevens

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TO THE GENTLEMEN READERS.

HVmours, *is late crown'd king of Caualeeres.*
Fantastique-follies, *grac'd with common fauour:*
Ciuilitie, *hath serued out his yeeres,*
And scorneth now to waight on Good behauiour.
Gallants, *like* Richard *the vsurper, swagger,*
That had his hand continuall on his dagger.

Fashions *is still consort with new fond shapes,*
And feedeth dayly vpon strange disguise:
We shew our selues the imitating Apes
Of all the toyes that Strangers heades deuise:
For ther's no habite of hell-hatched sinne,
That we delight not to be clothed in.

Some sweare, as though they Stars from heauen could pull,
And all their speach is poynted with the stabbe,
When all men know it is some coward gull,
That is but champion to a Shorditch drabbe:
Whose feather is his heades lightnes-proclaymer,
Although he seeme some mightie monster tamer.

To the Gentlemen Readers.

Epicurisme, *cares not how he liues,*
But still pursueth brutish Appetite.
Disdaine, *regardes not what abuse he giues;*
Careless of wronges, and vnregarding right.
Selfe-loue, *(they say) to selfe-conceite is wed,*
By which base much are vgly vices bred.

Pride, *reuels like the roysting Prodigall,*
Stretching his credite that his purse strings cracke,
Vntill in some distresfull Iayle he fall,
Which wore of late a Lordship on his backe:
Where he till death must lie for debt,
" Griefes night is neare, when pleasures sunne is set.

Vaunting, *hath got a mightie thundring voyce,*
Looking that all men should applaude his founde:
His deedes are singuler, his wordes be choyce;
On earth his equall is not to be founde.
Thus Vertu's *hid with* Follies *iuggling mist,*
And hee's no man, that is no Humourist.

S. R.

R. S. in ed. 1611

TO POETS.

GOod honeſt Poets, *let me craue a boone,*
That you would write, I do not care how ſoone,
Againſt the baſt'ard humours, howerly bred,
In euery mad brain'd wit-worne, giddie head:
At ſuch groſſe follies do not ſit and wincke,
Belabour theſe ſame Gulles with pen and incke.
I cu ſee ſome ſtriue for faire hand-writing fame,
As Peeter Bales *his ſigne can proue the ſame,* } P. B. by writing won a golden Penne.
Gracing his credite with a golden Pen:
I would haue Poets *proue more taller men:*
In perfect Letters reſted his contention,
But yours conſiſt's in Wits choyce rare inuention.
Will you ſtand ſpending your inuentions treaſure,
To teach Stage parrats ſpeake for pennie pleaſure,
While you your ſelues like muſicke ſounding Lutes
fretted and ſtrunge, gaine them their ſilken ſutes.
Leaue Cupids *cut, Womens face flatt'ring praiſe,*
Loues ſubiect growes too threadbare now adayes.
Change Venus *Swannes, to write of* Vulcans *Geeſe,*
And you ſhall merite Golden Pennes a peece.

FINIS.

Mirth pleaſeth ſome: to others ti's offence:
Some wiſh t' haue follies tolde; ſome diſlike that:
Some cõmend plaine conceites, ſome profound ſence
And moſt would haue, themſelues know not what.
Then he that would pleaſe all, and himſelfe too,
Takes more in hand, then he is like to doo.

EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 1.

Monſieur Domingo is a skilfull man,
For much experience he hath lately got,
Prouing more Phiſick in an Alehouſe ca
Then may be found in any Vinthers pot.
Beere he proteſtes is ſodden and refin'd,
But this he ſpeakes being ſingle penny lyn'd.

For when his purſe is ſwolne but ſix-pence bigg
Why then he ſweares; now by the Lorde I think
All Beere in Europe is not worth a figge,
A cuppe of Claret is the onely drinke.
And thus his praiſe from Beere to Wine doth go
Euen as his Purſe in pence doth ebbe and flowe.

EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 2. *BOREAS.*

HAng him baſe gull; Ile ſtabbe him by the Lord,
If hé preſume to ſpeake but halfe a word:
e paunch the villaine with my Rapiers poynt,
r heaw him with my Fauchion ioynt by ioynt.
hrough both his cheeks my Poniard he ſhal haue
r Mince-pie-like Ile mangle out the ſlaue.
ske who I am, you whorſon friſe-gowne patch?
all me before the Counſtable, or Watch?
annot a Captaine walke the Queenes high-way?
vonds, who de ſpeake to? know ye villains, ha?
ou drunken peſſants, run's your tongs on wheeles?
ong you to ſee your guttes about your heeles?
oeſt loue me Tym? let go my Rapier then,
er ſwade me not from killing nine or ten:
are no more to kill them in braueado,
hen for to drinke a pipe of *Trinedado*.
ly minde to patience neuer will reſtore-me,
ntill their blood do guſh in ſtreames before-me.
hus doth *Sir Launcelot* in his drunken ſtagger,
eare, curſe, & raile, threaten, proteſt, & ſwagger
t being next day to ſober anſwere brought,
e's not the man can breede ſo baſe a thought.

When

EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 3.

When *Thraſo* meets his friend, he ſweares by God,
Vnto his Chamber he ſhall welcome be:
Not that hee'le cloy him there with roſt or ſod,
Such vulgar diet with Cookes ſhops agree:
But hee'le preſent moſt kinde, exceeding franke,
The beſt *Tabacco*, that he euer dranke.

Such as himſelfe did make a voyage for,
And with his owne hands gatherd from the ground,
All that which other fetch he doth abhor,
His, grew vpon an Iland neuer found,
Oh rare compound, a dying horſe to choke,
Of *Engliſh* fier, and of *India* ſmoke.

EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 4.

Who ſeekes to pleaſe all men each way,
And not himſelfe offende,
He may begin his worke to day,
But God knowes when hee'le end.

Alas

EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 5.

Alas *Delfridus* keepes his bed God knowes,
Which is a ſigne his worſhip's verie ill;
His griefe beyond the grounds of Phiſicke goes,
No Doctor that comes neere it with his skill,
Yet doth he eate, drinke, talke, and ſleepe profoun
Seeming to all mens Iudgments healthfull ſound.

Then geſſe the cauſe he thus to bed is drawne,
What? thinke you ſo; may ſuch a hap procure it?
Well; faith tis true, his hoſe are out at pawne,
A Breetchleſſe chaunce is come, he muſt indure it
His hoſe to Brokers Iayle committed are,
His ſinguler, and onely, Veluet paire.

EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 6.

iogines one day through *Athens* went,
/ith burning Torch in Sun-ſhine: his intent
/as(as he ſaid)ſome honeſt man to finde:
)r ſuch were rare to meete,or he was blinde.
ne late,might haue done wel like light t'haue got
hat ſought his wife; met her,and knew her not:
ut ſtay,cry mercy,ſhe had on her maske,
ow could his eyes performe their ſpying taske?
is verie true, t'was hard for him to doo,
/ Sunne,and Torch;let him take Lant-horne too.

Speake

EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 7.

Speake Gentlemen, what ſhall we do to day?
Drinke ſome braue health vpon the Dutch carouſ
Or ſhall we to the *Globe* and ſee a Play?
Or viſit *Shorditch* for a bawdie houſe?
Lets call for Cardes or Dice, and haue a Game,
To ſit thus idle, is both ſinne and ſhame.

This ſpeakes *Sir Reuell*, furniſht out with faſhion,
From diſh-crownd Hat, vnto the Shoo's ſquare to
That haunts a Whore-houſe but for recreation,
Playes but at Dice to connycatch or ſo.
Drinkes drunke in kindnes, for good fellowſhip.
Or to Play goes but ſome Purſe to nip.

EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 8.

Sir gall-Iade, is a Horſe man e'ry day,
His Bootes and Spurres and Legges do neuer part;
He rides a horſe as paſſing cleane away,
As any that goes Tyburne-warde by cart.
Yet honeſtly he payes for hacknyes hyer,
But hang them Iades, he ſell's them when they tire.

He liues not like *Diogines* on Rootes,
But proues a Mince-pie gueſt vnto his Hoſt.
He ſcornes to walke in *Paules* without his Bootes,
And ſcores his diet on the Vitlers poſt:
And when he knowes not where to haue his dinner
He faſtes, and ſweares, A glutton is a ſinner.

This

EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 9. *Drudo.*

This Gentleman hath ſerued long in *Fraunce*,
And is returned filthy full of French,
In ſingle combat, being hurt by chaunce,
As he was cloſely foyling at a Wench:
Yet hot alarmes he hath endur'd good ſtore,
But neuer in like pockie heate before.

He had no ſooner drawne and ventred ny-her,
Intending only but to haue a bout,
When ſhe his Flaske and Touch-boxe ſet on fier,
And till this hower the burning is not out.
Iudge, was not valour in this Martiall wight,
That with a ſpit-fir Serpent ſo durſt fight.

Fayth

EPIGRAMS.

FPIG. 10. *In Meritricem.*

FAyth Gentleman, you moue me to offence.
In comming to me with vnchaſt pretence.
Haue I the lookes of a laſciuious Dame?
That you ſhould deeme me fit for wantons game?
I am not ſhe will take luſtes ſinne vpon her,
Ile rather die, then dimme chaſt glorious honor.
Tempt not mine eares; an grace of Chriſt I meane
To keepe my honeſt reputation cleane:
My hearing lets no ſuch lewd ſound come in,
My ſenſes loath to ſurfet on ſweet ſinne,
Reuerſe your minde, that goes from grace aſtray,
And God forgiue you, with my hart I pray.
The Gallant notes her words, obſerues her frowne
Then drawes his purſe, & lets her view his crowne
Vowing that if her kindnes graunt him pleaſure,
She ſhall be Miſtris to command his treaſure.
The ſtormes are calm'd, the guſt is ouer-blowne,
And ſhe replies with: *Yours, or not her owne.*
Deſiring him to cenſure for the beſt,
T'wa's but her tricke to try if men do ieſt:
Her loue is lock'd where he may picke the trunck
Let *Singer* iudge if this be not a puncke.

Polle

EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 11.

Pollitique *Peeter* meetes his friend a ſhore,
That came from Seas but newly tother day:
And giues him French embracements by the ſcore
Then ſolowes: *Dicke*, Haſt made good voyage, ſay?
But hearing *Richards* ſhares be poore and ſicke,
Peeter ha's haſte, and cannot drinke with *Dicke*.

Well, then he meetes an other Caualeere,
Whom he ſalutes about the Knees and Thighes:
welcome ſweet *Iames*, now by the Lord what cheere
Ne're better *Peeter*, We haue got rich prize.
Come, come (ſayes *Peeter*) eu'en a welcome quart,
For by my fayth, weele drinke before wee part:
Or thus:
Fayth-we muſt drinke, that's flat, before we part.

EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 12.

Fine *Phillip* comes vnto the Barbers ſhopp,
Wheer's nittie lockes muſt ſuffer reformation.
The Chayre and Cuſhion entertaine his ſloppe:
The Barber craues to know his worſhips faſhion.
His will is ſhauen; for his beard is thin,
It was ſo lately baniſh'd from his chinne.

But, ſhauing oft will helpe it, he doth hope,
And therefore for the ſmooth-face cut he calles:
Then, fie; theſe cloathes are waſht with common ſope.
Why doſt thou vſe ſuch ordinary balles?
I ſcorne this common trimming like a Boore,
Yet with his hart he loues a common whoore.

EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 13.

Signieur Fantaſticke.

I ſcorne to meete an enemie in fielde,
Except he be a Souldier: (by this light)
I likewiſe ſcorne, my reaſon for to yeelde:
Yea further, I do well nigh ſcorne to fight.
Moreouer, I do ſcorne to be ſo vaine,
To draw my Rapier, and put vp againe.

I eke do ſcorne to walke without my man,
Yea, and I ſcorne good morrow and good deane:
I alſo ſcorne to touch an Ale-houſe cann,
Thereto I ſcorne an ordinarie Queane.
Thus doth he ſcorne, diſdainfull, proude, and grim,
All but the Foole onely, he ſcornes not him.

EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 14.

Some do account it golden lucke,
They may be Widdow-ſped for mucke,
Boyes on whoſe chinnes no downe appeares,
Marry olde Croanes of threeſcore yeares:
But they are tooles to Widdowes cleaue,
Let them take that which Maydes do leaue.

EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 15.

Amorous *Auſtin* ſpendes much Balletting,
In rimeing Letters, and loue Sonnetting. (her,
She that loues him, his Ynckehorne ſhall bepaint
And with all *Venus* tytles hee'le acquaint her:
Vowing ſhe is a perfect Angell right,
When ſhe by waight is many graines too light:
Nay all that do but touch her with the ſtone,
Will be depoſ'd that Angell ſhe is none.
How can he proue her for an Angell then?
That proues her ſelfe a Diuell, tempting men,
And draweth many to the fierie pit,
Where they are burned for their en'tring it.
I know no cauſe wherefore he tearmes her ſo,
Vnleſſe he meanes ſhee's one of them below,
Where *Lucifer*, chiefe Prince doth domineere:
If ſhe be ſuch, then good my hartes ſtand cleere,
Come not within the compaſſe of her flight,
For ſuch as do, are haunted with a ſpright.
This Angell is not noted by her winges,
But by her tayle, as full of prickes and ſtinges.
And know this luſtblind Louer's vaine is led,
To prayſe his Diuell, in an Angels ſted.

EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 16.

Gallus will haus no Barbour prune his beard,
Yet is his chin cleane ſhauen and vnh'ear'd.
How comes he trimmed, you may aske me than?
His Wenches do it with their warming-pan.

When

EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 17.

When *Caualiero Rake-hell* is to riſe
Out of his bed, he capers light and heddy.
Then wounds he ſwearesyou arant whore he cries
Why what's the cauſe that breakfaſt is not reddy?
Can men feede like *Camelions*, on the ayre?
This is the manner of his morning prayer.

Well, he ſweares on, vntill his breakfaſt comes,
And then with teeth he falles to worke a pace:
Leauing his boy a banquet all of crummes.
Diſpatch you Roague: my Rapier, thats his grace.
So foorth he walkes, his ſtomacke muſt goe ſhift,
To dine and ſuppe abroad, by deed of guift.

EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 18.

A wofull exclamation late I heard,
Wherewith *Tabacco* takers may be feard:
One at the poynt with pipe and leafe to part,
Did vow *Tabacco* worſe then death's blacke dart:
And prou'd it thus. You know (quoth he) my friends
Death onely ſtabbes the hart, and ſo life endes:
But this ſame poyſon, ſteeped *India* weede,
In head, hart, lunges, doth ſoote & copwebs breede.
With that he gaſp'd, and breath'd out ſuch a ſmoke
That all the ſtanders by were like to choke.

Cauſe

EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 19.

Cacus would gladly drinke, but wants his purſe,
Nay wanteth money, which is ten times worſe:
For as he vowes himſelfe, he hath not ſeene
In three dayes ſpace the pictur● of the Queene.
Yet if he meete a friend neare Tauerne ſigne,
Straight he intreates him take a pint of Wine:
For he will giue it, that he will, no nay.
What will he giue? the other leaue to pay.
He calleth; Boy, fill vs the tother quart,
I will beſtow it euen with all my hart.
Then doth he diue into his ſloppes profound,
Where not a poore Port-cullice can be found.
Meane while his frind diſcharges all the Wine:
Stay, ſtay (quoth he) or well, next ſhalbe mine.

Franke

EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 02.

Francke in name, and Francke by nature,
Frauncis is a moſt kind creature:
Her ſelfe hath ſuffered many a fall,
In ſtriuing how to pleaſurs all.

Soli

EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 21.

Soto can proue, ſuch as are drunke by noone,
Are long-liu'd men; the pox he can as ſoone.
Nay, heare his reaſon ere you do condemne,
And if you finde it fooliſh, hiſſe and hemme.
He ſayes, Good blood is euen the life of man;
I graunt him that: (ſay you) well go-to than.
More drinke, the more good blood. O thats a lie;
The more you drinke, the ſooner drunke, ſay I.
Now he proteſtes you do him mightie wrong,
Swearing a man in drinke, is three men ſtrong:
And he will pawne his head againſt a pennie,
One right madd drunke, wil brawle and fight with anie.
Well, you reply: that argument is weake,
How can a drunkard brawle, that cannot ſpeake?
Or how can he vſe weapon in his hand,
Which can not guide his feete to goe or ſtande?
Harke what an oath the drunken ſlaue doth ſweare
He is a man by that, a man may heare.
And when you ſee him ſtagger, reele, and winke,
He is a man and more; I by this drinke.

When

EPIGRAMS

BRITISH MUSEUM

EPIG. 22.

When ſigneur *Sacke & Suger* drinke droun'd reeles,
He vowes to heaw the ſpur's from's fellows heeles
When calling for a quart of *Charnico*,
nto a louing league they preſent grow:
Then inſtantly vpon a cuppe or twaine,
Out Poniards goe, and to the ſtabbe againe.
Frendes vpon that, they drinke and ſo imbrace:
traight bandy Daggers at each others face.
This is the humour of a madd drunke foole,
n Tauerne pots that keepes his Fenceing-ſchole.

Cornutus

EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 23.

Cornutus was exceeding ſicke and ill,
Pain'd as it ſeemed chiefly in his hed:
He cal'd his friends, meaning to make his will,
Who found him drunke, with hoſe & ſhoes a bed
To whom he ſayd: Oh good my Maiſters ſee,
Drinke with his dart hath all be ſtabbed me.

I here bequeath, if I do chaunce to die,
To you kinde friendes, and *bon* companions all,
A pound of good *Tabacco*, ſweete and dry,
To drinke amongſt you, at my funerall:
Beſides, a barrell of the beſt ſtrong Beere,
And Pickle-herrings, for to domineere.

EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 24.

We men, in many faultes abound,
But two in women can be found:
The worſt that from their ſex proceedes,
Is naught in wordes, and naught in deedes.

EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 25.

Bid me go ſleepe? I ſcorne it with my heeles,
I know my ſelfe as good a man as thee.
Let go mine Arme I ſay, lead him that reeles,
I am a right good fellow; doſt thou ſee?
I know what longes to drinking, and I can
Abuſe my ſelfe as well as any man.

I care no more for twentie hundred pound,
(Before the Lord) then for a very ſtraw.
Ile fight with any he aboue the ground.
Tut, tell not me whats what; I know the law.
Rapier and Dagger: hey, a kingly fight.
Ile now try falls with any, by this light.

EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 26.

Behold, a moſt accompliſh'd Caualeere,
That the world's Ape of faſhions doth appeare,
VValking the ſtreetes, his humors to diſcloſe,
In the French Doublet, and the Germane hoſe:
The Muffes cloake, Spaniſh Hat, Toledo blade.
Italian ruffe, a Shooe right Flemiſh made,
Like Lord of Miſrule, where he comes hee'le reue
And lie for wagers with the lying'ſt diuell.

As

Aske *Humors* why a Feather he doth weare?
It is his humor(by the Lord)heele ſweare.
Or what he doth with ſuch a Horſe-taile locke?
Or why vpon a Whoore he ſpendes his ſtocke?
He hath a Humor doth determine ſo.
Why in the ſtop-throate faſhion doth he go,
With Scarfe about his necke? Hat without band?
It is his humor, ſweete ſir vnderſtand.
What cauſe his Purſe is ſo extreame diſtreſt,
That often times t'is ſcarcely penny bleſt?
Onely a Humor: If you queſtion why?
His tongue is nere vnfurniſh'd with a lye:
It is his Humor too he doth proteſt.
Or why with Serjants he is ſo oppreſt,
That like to Ghoſtes they haunt him erie day?
A raſcall Humor, doth not loue to pay.
Obiect, why Bootes and Spurres are ſtill in ſeaſon?
His Humor anſweres; Humor is his reaſon.
If you perceiue his wittes in wetting ſhrunke,
It commeth of a humor, to be drunke.
When you behold his lookes pale, thin, and poore,
Th'occaſion is, his Humor, and a Whoore:
And euery thing that he doth vndertake,
It is a vaine, for ſenceleſſe Humors ſake.

EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 28.

Three high-way ſtanders, hauing cros-leſſe curſſe
Did greet my friend with, Sir giue vs your purſſe,
Though he were true-man, they agreed in one:
For purſſe & coyne betwixt them foure was none.

EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 29.

A Gentlewoman of the dealing trade,
Procur'd her owne ſweete Pi[illegible] to be made:
Which being done, ſhe fro[illegible]rd did ſlippe,
And would not pay full d[illegible]kmanſhippe.
The Painter ſwore ſhe ne[illegible]haue it ſo,
She bade him keepe it, an[illegible]d go.
He chollericke, and migh[illegible]ntent,
Straight tooke his Pencell and to worke he went
Making the Dogge ſhe helde, a grim Cattes face,
And hung it in his ſhoppe to her diſgrace,
Some of her friendes that ſaw it, to her went,
In ieſting maner, asking what ſhe ment,
To haue her picture hang where gazers ſwarme,
Holding a filthy Catte within her arme?
She in a ſhamefull heate in haſte did hie,
The Painter to content and ſatisfie:
Right glad to giue a French Crowne for his paine
To turne her Catte into a Dogge againe.

EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 30.

When *Tarlton* clown'd it in a pleaſant vaine
With conceites did good opinions gaine
Vpon the ſtage, his merry humours ſhop. (ſlop
Clownes knew the Clowne, by his great clowniſh
But now th'are gull'd, for preſent faſhion ſayes,
Dicke Tarltons part, Gentlemens breeches plaies:
In euery ſtreete where any *Gallant* goes,
The ſwagg'ring Sloppe, is *Tarltons* clowniſh hoſe.

One

EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 81.

To Lutins.

One newly practiz'd in *Astronomie*,
That neuer dealt in weather witt before:
Would scrape (forsooth) acquaintance of the skie.
And by his art, go knocke at heauen dore,
Meane while a Scholler in his studie slippes,
And taught his Wife skill in the Moones eclippes.

Next night that friend perswades him walke alone
Into the field, to gather starres that fell:
To mix them with Philosophers rare stone
That begets gold: he likt the motion well,
And went to watch, where starres dropt very thin,
But raine so shour'd, it wet his foole-case skin.

EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 32.

What gallant's that whose oaths flie through mine
How like a lord of *Plutos* court he ſweares, (eares?
How braue in ſuch a baudie houſe he roughs,
How rich his emptie purſe is outſide wrought,
How Dutchman-like he ſwallows down his drinke
How ſweete he takes *Tobacco* till he ſtinke;
How hoftie ſprited he diſdaines a Boore,
How faythfull harted he is to a( )
How cocke-taile proude he doth his head aduance
How rare his ſpurres do ring the morris-daunce.
Now I proteſt, by Miſtris *Suſans* ſanne,
He and his boy, will make a proper man.

Laugh good my Maiſters, if you can intend it,
For yonder comes a Foole that will defend it:
Saw you a verier Aſſe in all your life,
That makes himſelfe a pack-horſe to his wife?
I would his noſe where I could with, were warme,
For carrying Pearle, ſo prettie vnder's arme.
Pearle his wiues dog, a pretty ſweete-fac'd curre,
That barkes a nightes at the leaſt fart doth ſturre,
Is now not well, his cold is ſcarcely brooke,
Therefore good Hisband wrap him in thy cloake:
And ſweet hart, preethee helpe me to my Maske,
Hold Pearle but tender, for he hath the laske.
Heere, take my Muffe: & do you heare good man?
Now giue me Pearle, and carry you my Fanne.
Alacke poore Pearle, the wretch is full of paine,
Hisband take Pearle, giue me my Fanne againe:
See how he quakes; fayth I am like to weepe:
Come to me Pearle; my Scarfe good hisband keepe
To be with me I know my Puppie loues.
Why Pearle, I ſay: Hisband take vp my Gloues.
Thus goodman Idiot thinkes himſelfe an Earle,
That he can pleaſe his wife, and carry Pearle:
But other iudge his ſtate to be no higher,
Then a Dogges yeoman, or ſome pippin Squier.

What

EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 34.

What's he that sits and takes a nappe,
Fac'd like the North wind of a mappe:
And sleeping, to the wind doth nod?
Tis *Bacchus* cooſen, Bellie-god.

EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 35.

Seuerus is extreame in elloquence,
In perfum'd wordes, plung'd ouer head and eares,
He doth create rare phraſe, but rarer ſence,
Fragments of *Latine*, all about he beares.
Vnto his Seruingman, *alias* his Boy,
He vtters ſpeach exceeding quaint and coy.

Deminitiue, and my defectiue ſlaue,
Reach my corpes couerture immediatly:
My pleaſures pleaſure is, the ſame to haue,
T'inſconce my perſon from frigiditie.
His man beleeues all's Welch, his Maiſter ſpoke,
Till he railes Engliſh: Roage go fetch my cloke;

Why

EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 36.

Why ſhould the Mercers trade, a Satten ſute,
With Cookes greaſe be ſo wickedly polute?
The reaſon is, the ſcandall and defame
Grew, that a greaſie ſlouen weares the ſame.

EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 37.

An honeſt Vicker and a kind conſort,
That to the Alehouſe friendly would reſort,
To haue a game at Tables now and than,
Or drinke his pot as ſoone as any man.
As faire a gamſter, and as free from braull,
As euer man ſhould need to play withall:
Becauſe his hoſteſſe pldg'd him not carouſe,
Raſhly in choller did forſweare her houſe.
Taking the glaſſe, this was the oath he ſwore,
Now by this drinke, Ile nere come hither more
But mightely his Hoſteſſe did repent,
For all her gueſtes to the next Alehouſe went,
Following their Vickers ſteps in euery thing,
He led the parriſh euen by a ſtring.
At length his auncient Hoſteſſe did complaine,
She was vndone, vnleſſe he came againe,
Deſiring certaine friendes of hers and his,
To vſe a pollecie, which ſhould be this: (him,
Becauſe with cōming he ſhould not forſweare (him,
To ſaue his oath, they on their backes might beare
Of this good courſe the Vicker well did thinke,
And ſo they allwaies carried him to drinke.

FINIS.

Your Sceane is done, depart you Epigrammes:
Enter Goat-footed Satyres, *butt like Rammes:*
Come nimbly foarth, Why stand you on delay?
O-ho, the Musique-tuning makes you stay.
Well, friske it out nimbly: you slaues begin,
For now me thinkes the Fidlers handes are in.

1.

SATYRES.

WHo haue we here? Behold him and be mute,
Some mightie man Ile warrant by his ſute.
If all the Mercers in Cheapſide ſhew ſuch,
Ile giue them leaue to giue me twice aſmuch:
I thinke the ſtuffe is nameleſſe he doth weare,
But what ſo ere it be, it is huge geare.
Marke but his gate, and giue him then his due,
Some ſwaggring fellow, I may ſay to you:
It ſeemes *Ambition* in his bigge lookes ſhroudes,
Some *Centaure* ſure, begotten of the Cloudes,
Now a ſhame take the buzard, is it he:
I know the ruffaine, now his face I ſee.
On a more gull the Sunne did neuer ſhine,
How with a vengance comes the foole to fine?
Some Noble mans caſt Sute is fallen vnto him,
For buying Hoſe and Doblet would vndo him.

But

But wote you now, whither the buzard walkes?
I, into *Paules* forsooth, and there he talkes
Of forraine tumults, vttring his aduice,
And prouing Warres euen like a game at dice:
For this (sayes he) as euery gamster knowes,
Where one side winnes, the other side must loose
Next speach he vtters, is his stomackes care,
Which ordinarie yeeldes the cheapest fare:
Or if his purse be out of tune to pay,
Then he remembers tis a fasting day:
And then he talketh much against excesse,
Swearing all other Nations eate farre lesse
Then Englishmen; experience you may get
In Fraunce and Spaine; where he was neuer yet.
With a score of Figges and halfe a pint of Wine,
Some foure or fiue will very hugely dine.
Mee thinkes this tale is very huge in sound,
That halfe a pint should serue fiue to drinke roun
And twentie Figges could feed them full and fat:
But trauellers may lye who knowes not that,
Then why not he, that trauels in conceit,
From East to West, when he can get no meate?
His lorney is in *Paules* in the backe Isles,

Wher

Wher's ſtomacke counts each pace a hundred miles.
A tedious thing, though chaunce will haue it ſuch,
To trauaile ſo long baytleſſe, ſure tis much.
Some other time ſtumbling on wealthy Chuffes,
Worth gulling: then he ſwaggers all in huffes,
And tels them of a prize he was at taking,
Wil be the ſhip-boyes childrens childrens making:
And that a Moule could finde no roome in holde,
It was ſo peſterd all with pearle and golde:
Vowing to pawne his head if it were tride,
They had more Rubies then wold paue Cheapſid
A thouland other groſſe and odious lies,
He dares auouch to blind dull Iudgements eyes,
Not caring what he ſpeake or what he ſweare,
So he gaine credite at his hearers eare.
Sometimes into the *Royall Exchange* hee'le droppe
Clad in the ruines of a Brokers ſhoppe:
And there his tongue runs byas on affaires,
No talke but of commodities and wares:
And what great wealth he lookes for ery wind,
From God knowes where, the place is hard to find,
If newes be harkend for, then he preuailes,
Setting his mynt a worke to coyne falſe tales.

His tongues-end is betipt with forged chat;
Vttring rare lyes to be admired at,
Heele tell you of a tree that he doth know,
Vpon the which Rapiers and Daggers grow,
As good as Fleetſtreete hath in any ſhoppe,
which being ripe, downe into ſcabbards droppe.
He hath a very peece of that ſame Chaire,
In which *Cæſar* was ſtabb'd: Is it not rare?
He with his feete vpon the ſtoones did tread,
That *Sathan* brought, & bad *Chriſt* make thē brea
His wondrous trauels challenge ſuch renowne,
That *Sir Iohn Maundiuell* is quite put downe.
Men without heades, and *Pigmies* hand-bredth hi
Thoſe with one legge that on their backes do lie,
And do the weathers iniurie diſdaie,
Making their legges a penthouſe for the raine:
Are tut, and tuſh: not any thing at all.
His knowledge knowes, what no mans notice ſha
This is a mate vnmeete for euery groome,
And where he comes, peace, giue his lying roome.
He ſaw a *Hollander* in *Middleborow*,
As he was flaſhing of a browne Loafe thorow,
Where-to the haſte of hunger had inclyn'd him.

Cu

Cut himſelfe through, & two that ſtood behind him
Beſides, he ſaw a fellow put to death,
Could drinke a whole Beere barrell at a breath.
Oh this is he that will ſay any thing,
That to himſelfe may any profite bring.
Gainſt whoſoeuer he doth ſpeake he cares not,
For what is it that ſuch a villaine dares not?
And though in conſcience he cannot denie,
The All-commaunder ſaith, *Thou ſhalt not lie*,
Yet will he anſwere (careleſſe of ſoules ſtate)
Trueth telling, is a thing obtaineth hate.

FINIS.

2.

SATYRE.

A Man may tell his friend his fault in kindnes:
To winke at folly, is a fooliſh blindnes.
God ſaue you ſir, ſaluteth with a grace,
One he could wiſh neuer to ſee his face.
But doth not he vſe meere diſſimulation,
That's inſide hate, and outſide ſalutation?
Yes as I take it; yet his anſwere ſayes,
Faſhions, and Cuſtomes, vſe it now a dayes.
A Gentleman perhaps may chaunce to meete
His liuing-griper face to face in ſtreete:
And though his lookes are odious vnto ſight;
Yet will he doe him the French *congés* right,
And in his hart wiſh him as low as hell,
When in his wordes, hee's glad to ſee him well:
Then being thus, a man may ſoone ſuppoſe
There is, *God ſaue you ſir*, ſometimes twixt foes.

Oh ſir, why thats as true as you are heere,
With one example I will make it cleere,
And farre to fetch the ſame I will not goe,
But into *Heunds-ditch*, to the Brokers row:
Or any place where that trade doth remaine,
Whether at *Holborne Conduit*, or *Long-lane:*
If thyther you vouchſafe to turne your eye,
And ſee the Pawnes that vnder forfayre lye,
Which are foorth comming ſir, and ſafe enough
Sayes good-man Broker, in his new print ruffe:
He will not ſtand too ſtrictly on a day,
Encouraging the party to delay;
With all good wordes, the kindeſt may be ſpoke,
He turnes the Gentleman out of his Cloake.
And yet betweene them both, at euery meeting,
God ſaue you ſir, is their familiar greeting,
This is much kindneſſe ſure, I pray commend him.
With great good words, he highly doth befriend him
It is a fauour at a pinch in neede:
A pinching friendſhip, and a pinching deede.
The ſlaue may weare his ſuites of Sattin ſo,
And like a man of reputation go,
When all he hath in houſe, or on his backe,

It is his owne, by forfaytures ſhipwracke.
See you the Brooch that long in's Hat hath bin?
It may be there, it coſt him not a pin:
His ſundry ſorts of diuers mens attyre,
He weares them cheape, euen at his owne deſire.
Shame ouer-take the peſſant for his paine,
That he ſhould pray on loſſes, to his gaine,
In drawing Wardrobes vnder his ſubiection,
Being a knaue in manners and complexion,
Iumpe like to *Vſurie*, his neareſt kinne;
That weares a money bagge vnder his chinne:
A bunch that doth reſemble ſuch a ſhape,
And hayred like to Paris garden Ape,
Foaming about the chaps like ſome wilde Boore,
As ſwart and tawnie as an *India* Moore:
With narrow brow, and Squirrell eyes, he ſhowes,
His faces chiefeſt ornament, is noſe,
Full furniſhed with many a Clarret ſtaine,
As large as any Codpice of a *Dane*,
Embоſſed curious; euery eye doth iudge,
His Iacket faced with motheaten Budge:
To which a paire of Satten ſleeues he weares,
Wherein two pound of greace about he beares.

His Spectacles do in a copper caſe,
Hang dangling about his piſſing place.
His breeches and his hoſe, and all the reſt
Are ſutable: His gowne (I meane his beſt)
Is full of threeds, Intitul'd right threed-bare:
But wooll thereon is wondrous ſcant and rare.
The welting hath him in no charges ſtood,
Beeing the ruines of a caſt French hood.
Exceſſe is ſinfull, and he doth defie it,
A ſparing whorſon in attire and diet.
Only exceſſe is lawfull in his Cheſt,
For there he makes a golden Angels neſt:
And vowes no farder to be found a lender,
Then that moſt pretious mettall doth engender:
Begetting dayly more and more encreaſe,
His monyes ſlaue, till wretched life ſurceaſe.
This is the *Iew* alied very neere,
vnto the *Broker*, for they both do beare
Vndoubted teſtimonie of their kinne:
A brace of Raſcals in a league of ſinne.
Two filthy Curres that will on no man fawne,
Before they taſt the ſweetneſſe of his pawne.
And then the ſlaues will be as kinde forſooth,

Not as *Kind-hart*, in drawing out a tooth:
For he doth eaſe the Patient of his paine,
But they diſeaſe the Borrower of his gaine.
Yet neither of them vſe extremitie,
They can be villaines euen of charitie.
To lend our brother it is meete and fit:
Giue him roſt meate and beat him with the ſpit.
Vſerie ſure is requiſite and good,
And ſo is Brokeage, rightly vnderſtood:
But ſoft a litle, what is he ſayes ſo?
One of the twaine (vpon my life) I know.

FINIS.

3.

SATIRE.

OH, let the Gentlewoman haue the wall,
I know her well; tis Miſtris, What d'ye call.
It ſhould be ſhee, both by her Maske and Fanne:
And yet it ſhould not, by her Seruing-man;
For if mine eyes do not miſtake the foole,
He is the Vſher of ſome dauncing Schole,
The reaſon why I do him ſuch ſuppoſe,
Is this, Mee thinkes he daunceth as he goes.
An actiue fellow, though he be but poore,
Eyther to vault vpon a Horſe, or &c.
See you the huge bum Dagger at his backe,
To which no Hilt nor Iron he doth lacke.
Oh with that blade he keepes the queanes in awe,
Brauely behacked, like a two-hand Saw.
Stampes on the ground, & byteth both his thumbs
Vnleſſe he be commaunder where he coms.

You

3.

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OH, let the Gentlewoman haue the wall,
I know her well; tis Miſtris, What d'ye call.
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Vnleſſe he be commaunder where he coms.

You

You damned whores, where are you? quicke come
Dry this *Tabacco*. Fill a dosen of Beere: (heere,
Will you be briefe? or long you to be bang'd?
Hold, take this Match, go light it and be hang'd.
Where stay these whores when Gent. do call?
Heer's no attendaunce (by the Lord) at all.
Then downe the staires the pots in rage he throws
And in a damned vaine of swearing growes,
For he will challenge any vnder heau'n,
To sweare with him, and giue him sixe at seuen.
Oh, he is an accompliſh'd Gentleman,
And many rare conceited knackes he can;
Which yeeld to him a greater store of gaine,
Then iuggling *Kings*, hey Passe, ledgerdemaine.
His witt's his lying: one of quaint deuice,
For Bowling-allies, Cockpits, Cardes, or Dice,
To those exploytes he euer standes prepar'd:
A Villaine excellent at a Bum card.
The Knaue of Clubbes he any time can burne,
And finde him in his booſome, for his turne.
Tut, he hath Cardes for any kind of game,
Primero, *Saint*, or what soeuer name:
Make him but dealer, all his fellowes sweares,

If you do finde good dealing, take his eares:
But come to Dice, why that's his onely trade,
Michell Mum-chaunce, his owne inuention made.
He hath a ſtocke, whereon his lyuing ſtayes,
And they are *Fullams*, and *Bard quarter-trayes*:
His *Langrets*, with his *Hie men*, and his *low*,
Are ready what his pleaſure is to throw:
His ſtopt Dice with Quick-ſiluer neuer miſſe.
He calles for, Come on fiue; and there it is:
Or elſe heele haue it with fiue and a reach,
Although it coſt his necke the Halter ſtretch.
Beſides all this ſame kind of cheating art,
The Gentleman hath ſome good other part,
Well ſeene in *Magicke* and *Aſtrologie*,
Flinging a Figure wondrous handſomly,
Which if it do not miſſe, it ſure doth hit:
Of troth the man hath great ſtore of ſmall wit.
And note him whereſoeuer that he goes,
His Booke of Characters is in his hoſe.
His dinner he will not preſume to take,
Ere he aſke counſell of an Almanacke.
Heele finde if one prooue falſe vnto his wife,
Onely with Oxe blood, and a ruſtic knife.

He can transforme himselfe vnto an Asse,
Shew you the Deuill in a Christall glasse:
The Deuill say you? why I, is that such wonder?
Being consortes, they will not be a sunder.
Alcumie in his braines so sure doth settle,
He can make golde of any copper kettle;
Within a three weekes space or such a thing,
Riches vpon the whole worlde he could bring.
But in his owne purse one shall hardly spie it,
Witnesse his Hostesse, for a twelue-moneths diet:
Vno would be glad of golde or siluer either,
But sweares by chalke, & post, she can get neither.
Lore, he will teach any to gaine their loue,
As thus (saies he) take me a Turtle Doue,
And in an Ouen let her lie and bake
So dry, that you may poulder of her make:
Which being put into a cup of wine,
The wenche that drinkes it will to loue incline:
And shall not sleepe in quiet in her bed,
Till she be eased of her mayden-head.
This is *probatum*, and it hath bin tride,
Or else the cunning man cunningly lide.
I may be so, a lie is not so strange,

Per

Perhaps he ſpake it when the Moone did change
And thereupon (no doubt) th'occaſion ſprunge,
Vnconſtant *Luna*, ouer rul'd his tongue.
Aſtronomers that traffique with the Skie,
By common cenſure ſometimes meete the lie:
Although in deede their blame is not ſo much,
When Starres, & Plannets faile, & keepe not tutch.
And ſo this fellow with his large profeſſion,
That endes his triall in a farre digreſſion:
Philoſophers bequeathed him their ſtone,
To make gold with, yet can his purſe hold none.

FINIS.

MASSACHUSETTS

4.

SATIRE.

Melfluuious, ſweete Roſe-watred elloquence,
Thou that haſt hunted Barbariſme hence,
And taught the goodman *Cobbin* at his plow,
To be as elloquent as *Tullie* now:
Who nominicates his Bread and Cheeſe a name,
(That doth vntruſſe the nature of the ſame)
His ſtomacke ſtayer. How dee like the phraſe?
Are Plowmen ſimple fellowes now a dayes?
Not ſo my Maiſters: What meanes *Singer* then?
And *Pope* the Clowne, to ſpeake ſo Booriſh, when
They counterfaite the clownes vpon the Stage?
Since Countrey fellowes grow in this ſame age,
To be ſo quaint in their new printed ſpeech,
That cloth will now compare with Veluet breech
Let him diſcourſe euen where, and when he dare,
Talke nere ſo Ynk-horne learnedly and rare,
Sweare Cloth breech is a peſſant (by the Lord)

Threa-

Threaten to draw his wrath-venger, his ſworde:
Tuſh, Cloth-breech doth deride him with a laugh,
And lets him ſee *Bone-baſter*, thats his ſtaffe:
Then tels him brother, friend, or ſo foorth, heare ye
Tis not your knitting-needle makes me feare ye.
If to aſcention you are ſo declinde,
I haue a reſtitution in my minde:
For though your beard do ſtand ſo fine muſtated,
Perhaps your noſe may be transfiſticated.
Man, I dare challenge thee to throw the ſledge,
To iumpe or leape ouer a ditch or hedge,
To wraſtle, play a ſtooleball, or to runne,
To pitch the barre, or to ſhoote off a gunne,
To play at loggets, nine holes, or ten pinnes,
To trie it out at foot-ball by the ſhinnes;
At Ticktacke, Iriſh, Noddie, Maw, and Ruffe:
At hot-cockles, leape-frogge, or blindman-buffe.
To drinke halfe pots, or deale at the whole canne:
To play at baſe, or pen-and Ynk-horne ſir Ihan:
To daunce the Morris, play at barly-breake:
At all exployts a man can thinke or ſpeake:
At ſhoue-groate, venter-poynt, or croſſe and pile.
At beſhrow him that's laſt at yonder ſtile,

At leaping ore a Midſommer bon-fier,
Or at the drawing Dun out of the myer:
At any of theſe, or all theſe preſently,
Wagge but your finger, I am for you, I.
I (corne (that am a youngſter of our towne)
To let a Bow-bell Cockney put me downe.
This is a Gallant farre beyond a Gull,
For very valour filles his pockets full.
Wit ſhowers vpon him Wiſedomes raine in plent
For heele be hangd, if any man finde twenty
In all their pariſh, whatſoere they be,
Can ſhew a head ſo polleticke as he.
It was his fathers lucke of late to die
Vnteſtate, he about the Legacie
To London came, inquiring all about,
How he might finde a *Ciuill-villin* out,
Being vnto a *Ciuill* Lawyer ſent,
Pray Sir (quoth he) are you the man I meant:
That haue a certaine kind of occupation,
Abou[illegible] dead men, that leaue things out of faſhio
Dear[illegible]ath done that which t'anſwere he's not ab
My father he is dyed deteſtable:
I being his eldeſt heire, he did prefer

Me Sir, to be his Executioner:
And verie breifly my requeſt to finniſh;
Pray how may I by law, his goods diminniſh?
Was this a Clowne? tell true, or was a none?
You make fatte Clownes, if ſuch as he be one:
A man may ſweare, if he were vrg'd to it,
Fooliſher fellowes, haue not ſo much wit.
Oh ſuch as he, are euen the onely men,
Loue letters in a Milke-maydes praiſe to pen:
Lines that will worke the curſteſt ſullen ſhrow,
To loue a man whether ſhe will or no.
Being moſt wonderous patheticall,
To make *Ciſſe* out a cry in loue withall:
He ſcornes that maiſter Scholemaiſter ſhold think
He wants his aide in halfe a pen of ynke:
All that he doth it commeth euery whit,
From natures dry-fat, his owne mother wit.
As thus:
Thou Honnyſuckle of the Hawthorne hedge,
Vouchſafe in *Cupids* cuppe my hart to pledge,
My hartes deare blood tweete *Ciſis*, is thy carouſe,
Worth all the Ale in *Gammer Gubbins* houſe:
I ſay no more, affaires call me away,

My

My Fathers horſe for prouender doth ſtay.
Be thou the Lady *Creßit-light* to mee,
Sir *Trollelolle* I will proue to thee.
Written in haſte: farewell my Cowſlippe ſweete,
Pray lets a Sunday at the Ale-houſe meete.

FINIS.

BRITISH
MUSEUM

5.

SATYRE.

'Tis a bad world, the common ſpeach doth go,
And he complaines, that helpes to make it ſo:
Yet euery man th'imputed crime would ſhunne,
Hipocriſie with a fine threed is ſpunne.
Each ſtriues to ſhew the very beſt in ſeeming,
Honeſt enough, if honeſt in eſteeming.
Praiſe waites vpon him now with much renowne
That wrappes vp *Vices* vnder *Vertues* gowne:
Commending with good wordes, religious deede
To helpe the poore, ſupply our neighbours neede
Do no man wrong, giue euery man his owne,
Be friend to all, and enemie to none;
Haue charitie, auoyde contentious ſtrife,
Oft he ſpeakes thus, that nere did good in's life.
Deriſon hath an ore in euery Boate,
In's Neighbours eie he quickly ſpies a moate,

But the great beame that's noted in his owne,
He lets remaine, and neuer thinkes thereon.
Some do report he beares about a ſacke,
Halfe hanging forwards, halfe behind at's backe:
And his owne faultes (quight out of ſight & minde)
He caſſes into the part that hanges behinde:
But other [illegible]ens, he putteth in before,
And into them, he looketh euermore.
Contempt comes very neere to th'others vaine,
He hates all good deſerts with proud diſdaine:
Raſhneſſe is his continuall walking mate,
Gorgeously apparreld, loftie in his gate:
Vp to the eares in double ruffes and ſtartch,
God bleſſe your eieſight when you ſee him march:
Statutes, and lawes, he dare prelume to breake,
Gainſt ſuperiors cares not what he ſpeake.
[illegible]his humours recreation fittes,
To beate Counſtables, and reſiſt all writtes.
Swearing the ripeſt wits are childiſh young:
Vnleſſe they gaine inſtructions from his tongue.
Hers nothing done amongſt the very beſt,
But he'le deride it with ſome bitter ieſt.
's meate and drinke vnto him alwayes, when

He may be cenſuring of other men.
If a man do but toward a Tauerne looke,
He is a drunkard heele ſweare on a Booke:
Or if one part a fray of good intention,
He is a quarreller, and loues diſſention.
Thoſe that with ſilence vaine diſcourſes breake,
Are proud fantaſticks, that diſdaine to ſpeake.
Such as ſpeake ſoberly with wiſedomes leaſure,
Are fooles, that in affected ſpeach take pleaſure,
If he heare any that reproueth vice,
He ſayes, thers none but hipocrites ſo nice.
No honeſt woman that can paſſe along,
But muſt endure ſome ſcandall from his tongue.
She, deales croſſe blowes her huſband neuer feeles:
This Gentlewoman, weareth capering heeles.
There minces *Mall*, to ſee what youth wil like her,
Her eyes do beare her witneſſe ſhe's a ſtriker.
Yonders a wench, new dipt in beauties blaze,
She, is a Maide as Maides go now adayes.
And thus *Contempt* makes choiſeſt recreation,
In holding euery one in deteſtation:
His common gate is of the ietting ſize,
He hath a paire of euer-ſtaring eyes,

And lookes a man ſo hungry in the face,
As he would eate him vp, and neare ſay grace.
A little low cround Hatte he alwayes weares,
And Fore-horſe-like therein a Feather beares.
Goodly curld lockes; but ſurely tis great pitty,
For want of kembing, they are beaſtly nitty.
His [illegible]blet is a cut caſt Satten one, (none
He [illegible]ornes to buy new now, that nere bought
Spotted in diuers places with pure fat,
Knowne for a right tall trencher man by that.
His Breeches that came to him by befrending,
Are deſperate like himſelfe, & quite paſt mending
He takes a common courſe to goe vntruſt,
Except his Shirt's a waſhing; then he muſt
Goe woollward for the time: hee ſcornes it hee,
That worth two Shirts his Laundrelle ſhould him
The weapons that his humors do efford,
Is Bum-dagger, and basket hilted Sword.
And theſe in euery Bawdie houſe are drawne
Twice in a day, vnleſſe they be at pawne.
If any fall together by the eares,
To field cries he; why? zownes (to field) he ſweares
Shew your ſelues men: hey, ſlaſh it out with blowes

Yet

Let won make tothers guts garter his hose,
Make Steele and Iron vmpiers to the Fray,
You shall haue me goe with, to see faire play:
Let mee alone, for I will haue a care
To see that one do kill the tother faire.
This is *Contempt*, that's euery ones disdayne
The strife pursuer, and the peace refrayner
Hates thunderbolt, damn'd *Murders* larum-bell,
A neare deare Kinsman to the Diuell of hell:
And he whom *Sathan* to this humor bringes,
Is onely man for all detested thinges.

FINIS.

6.

SATYRE.

Tom's no good fellow, nor no honeſt man:
Hang him, he wold not pledge *Ralfe* halfe a can
But if a friend may ſpeake as he doth thinke,
Will is a right good fellow by this drinke:
Oh *William*, *William*, th'art as kind a youth,
As euer I was drunke with, thats the trueth.
Tom is no more like thee, then Chalks like Cheeſe
To pledge a health, or to drinke vp-ſe freeſe:
Fill him his Beaker, he will neuer flinch,
To giue a full quart pot the emptie pinch.
Heele looke vnto your water well enough,
And hath an eye that no man leaues a ſnuffe.
A pox of peecemeale drinking (*William* ſayes)
Play it away, weele haue no ſtoppes and ſtayes,
Blowne drinke is odious, what man can diſieſt it,
No faythfull drunkard, but he doth deteſt it.

I hate halfe this, out with it, and an end,
He is a buzard will not pledge his friend, (cloſed
But ſtandes as though his drinkes malt-ſacke were
with, *Heer' s t'ye Sir, againſt you are diſpoſed?*
How ſay my friend, an may I be ſo bold,
Blowing on's Beere like broth to make it cold,
Keeping the full glaſſe till it ſtand and ſower,
Drinking but after halfe a mile an hower,
Vnworthy to make one, or gaine a place,
Where *boone* companions gage the pots apace.
A mans a man, and therewithall an ende,
Good fellowſhip was bred and borne to ſpende,
No man ere ſaw a pound of ſorrow yet,
Could be allowd to pay an ounce of debt.
We may be here to day, and gone to morrow.
Call mee for ſixe pots more: come on, hang ſorrow
Tut, lacke another day? Why, tis all one,
When we are dead, then all the world is gone.
Begin to me good *Ned*: What? haſt gon right?
Is it the ſame that tickeld mee laſt night?
We gaue the Brewers Diet-drinke a wipe:
Braue *Malt-Tabacco* in a quart pot-pipe,
It nettld mee, and did my braines inſpire,

I haue

SATYRES.

I haue forſworne your drinking ſmoake and fier:
Out vpon *Cane* and *leafe Tabacco* ſmell:
Diuells take home your drinke, keepe it in hell.
Carowſe in Cannons *Trinidado* ſmoake,
Drinke healths to one another till you choake,
And let the *Indians* pledge you till they ſweate,
Giue me the element that drowneth heate:
Strong ſodden Water is a vertuous thing,
It makes one ſweare, and ſwagger like a King,
And hath more hidden *Vertue* then you thinke,
For Ile maintaine, good liquor's meate and drinke:
Nay, Ile goe further with you, for in troth,
It is as good as meate, and drinke, and cloth;
For he that is in Malt-mans Hall inrolde,
Cares not a poynt for hunger nor for colde.
If it be cold, he drinketh till he ſweate,
If it be hot, he drinkes to lay the heate:
So that how ere it be, cold or hot,
To pretious vſe he doth apply the pot:
And will approue it Phiſically ſound,
If it be drunke vpon the *Daniſh* round:
Or taken with a Pickle-herring or two,
As Flemmings at Saint *Katherines* vſe to do:

Whic

Which fiſh hath vertue, eaten ſalt and raw,
To pull drinke to it, euen as leate doth ſtraw.
Oh tis a very Whetſtone to the braine,
A march-beere ſhewer that puts downe Aprill raine
It makes a man actiue to leape and ſpring,
To daunce and vault, to carrowle and to ſing:
For all exploytes it doth a man inable,
T'out leape mens heades, and caper ore the table,
To burne Sacke with a candle till he reeles,
And then to trip-vp his companions heeles.
To ſing like the great Organ pipe in *Poules*,
And cenſure all men vnder his controules.
Againſt all commers ready to maintaine,
That deepeſt wit is in a drunken braine.
I marry is it; that it is he knowes it,
And by this drinke, at all times will depoſe it,
He ſayes, that day is to a minute ſhrunke,
In which he makes not ſome good fellow drunke:
As for nine worthies on his Hoſtes wall,
He knowes three worthy drunkards paſſe them all
The firſt of them in many a Tauerne tride,
At laſt ſubdued by *Aquauitæ*, dide.
His ſecond Worthies date was brought to fine,

Fea-

Feasting with Oysters and braue Renniſh wine,
The third, whom diuers Dutchmen held full deare,
Was ſlabb'd by pickeld Hearings & ſtrong Beere.
Well, happy is the man doth rightly know,
The vertue of three cuppes of *Charnico*:
Being taken faſting, th'only cure for Flegme,
It worketh wonders on the braine, extreame.
A pottle of wine at morning, or at night,
Drunke with an Apple, is imployed right.
To rince the Liuer, and to purifie
A dead ſicke Hart from all infirmitie.

FINIS.

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